

Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman, Anarchists

Notorious Leaders of the Anti-Draft Agitation—Their Chronic Feud with Society

THE arrest of Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman, anarchists, comes but as another epoch in their tumultuous existences. The government obtained the evidence it sought in apprehending these two in their individual publications, "Mother Earth" and "The Blast."

Both Miss Goldman and Mr. Berkman have been carrying on an active campaign against the draft. Believing government to be wrong and military service an insult to humanity, they have done all in their power to frustrate the efforts of the United States in raising an army. The editorial reception which they have received at the hands of the New York press has been, for the most part, usual and conventional, and largely one of silence.

"The World" proved a slight exception in that it assumed a tone of lofty sarcasm:

Some impatient critics of current events have thought that Miss Goldman and Mr. Berkman should be locked up. Where, then, would the provost marshals turn for their almost nightly hauls of the mental and physical degenerates who boast, in whispers, of evading the draft? Far from being molested in their benevolent specialty, they should be encouraged to continue. If necessary, it would be worth while to subsidize them. Thanks to the anarchists who denounce government, the government is doing very nicely at one of its most perplexing tasks. Keep them at work!

A Menace To Society

"The Herald" calls Miss Goldman "an exploiter of parlor anarchy":

In the pursuit of this notoriety, she has made shrewd use of the "parlor anarchists," whose favorite stamping grounds are the drawing rooms of fashionable and semi-fashionable women, who fancy themselves as leaders of thought and the entertainers of talent and genius. Many of them have thought that to receive Miss Goldman, or to invite a flannel-shirted parlor anarchist to dinner on the ground that he was a "menace to society" was a brilliant performance.

"The Herald" further points out that:

The phase of its existence into which the nation is now entering is too serious to permit such nonsense to go unrebuked. Our government has need of every particle of patriotism and endeavor that it can command. There is a place in the ranks for the parlor anarchist and in the Red Cross hospital for the women who but yesterday were listening to his talk.

"The Times," after defining the doctrine of anarchism, proceeds to state that though both Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman have labored many years in an effort to spread this "philosophy" they have not succeeded.

Their converts have not increased; socialism has not advanced, now needed; but year after year the teachers of anarchism have made about as much numerical advance as the Shakers. The noise they made had no

EMMA GOLDMAN

She was born of Jewish parentage, June 27, 1869, in the Russian province of Kovno. The first years of her childhood were passed in a small idyllic place in the German-Russian province of Courland, where her father had charge of the government stage. At seven she was sent to live with her grandmother at Königsberg, the city of Immanuel Kant, in Eastern Prussia. In 1882 she removed with her parents to Petrograd (then St. Petersburg). At the age of seventeen Miss Goldman came to America, full of anarchistic ideas and dreams. She worked in factories and later married, unhappily. She came to New York in 1889 and associated herself with prominent anarchists, including Berkman. In 1893 she was found guilty on a charge of inciting a riot, and spent a year in the penitentiary at Blackwell's Island. Released from prison, she plunged back into the life of agitation and turmoil. She was arrested in connection with the Crotchford affair, but was not found guilty of participating in the assassination of President McKinley. Turbulence, however, continued and her life has been a strenuous one to the present day. At times she has not been able to find lodgings, and for a while she was known as "Miss Smith."

ALEXANDER BERKMAN

The culmination of Mr. Berkman's early broodings over social injustice and governmental tyranny was his arrest for shooting Henry C. Frick, of Pittsburgh, now of New York. Berkman, then a young man of only twenty-one, was tried and promptly found guilty. He was sentenced for a term of twenty-two years, but served only fourteen, after which he was released. During his term of imprisonment the anarchist wrote a very remarkable book called "Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist," which was published by the Mother Earth Publishing Company. Since regaining freedom he has been arrested on suspicion in almost numberless bomb plots and I. W. W. disturbances and has worked side by side with Emma Goldman.

echo, and because they were only annoying, not harmful, they were let alone. Some of their number made despairing speeches about the stagnation of anarchism. Then they hit on a new idea, or rather they took a hint from the Socialists; they began encouraging and aiding non-anarchistic movements which seemed to go part of the way toward anarchism, such as the I. W. W. agitation. Speedily they became more effective, though still not exactly dangerous.

"The Times" believes that of Miss Goldman's and Mr. Berkman's "sedition" and efforts to stir treason and rebellion there is no doubt whatever. If convicted, "The Times" further maintains, they should be not only "punished by imprisonment, but deported to the lands from which they came." "The Times" suggests that perhaps they could do more harm in Russia, but adds that that is Russia's lookout.

What One Can See In an Anarchist

However, there are critics who look upon these two sensational figures with far greater kindness and even a great zeal of enthusiasm. In "The Little Review" Margaret C. Anderson not long ago pre-

sented the following estimate of Emma Goldman:

Emma Goldman is one of the world's great people; therefore, it is not surprising to find her among the despised—rejected. Of course she is as different from the popular conception of her as any one could be.

The first thing you feel in meeting her is that indefinable something which all great, true people have in common—a quality which seems to proceed on some a priori principle that anything one feels deeply is sublime. Then a sense of her great humanity sweeps upon you, the nobility of the idealist, who wrenches her integrity from the grimmest depths.

A terrible sadness is in her face—as though the suffering of centuries had concentrated there in some deep personal struggle; and through it shines that capacity for joy which becomes colossal in its intensity, tragic in its disappointment.

But the thing which takes your heart in a grip and thrusts you quickly into the position of the small boy who longs to die for the object of his worship is that imperative gift of motherhood which is hers, and which spends itself with such utter prodigality upon all those who come to her for inspiration.

Emma Goldman has ministered to every kind of human being, from convicts to society women. She has no more idea of conservatism than a lavish springtime; and where she draws courage and endurance and inspiration for it all will remain one of those mysteries which only the artist can explain. A mountain-top figure, calm, vast, dynamic, awful in its loneliness, exalted in its tragedy—this is Emma Goldman, "the daughter of the dream," as William Marion Reedy called her in an appreciation written several years ago. "A dream, you say?" he asked, after sketching her gospel. "Yes; but life is death without the dream." In that rich book of Alexander Berkman's, "Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist," she is given a better name. "I have always called you the Immutible!" is the way the author closes one of his letters to her.

And this is the quality which distinguishes Emma Goldman—a king of eternal stanchness in which one may put his fundamental trust.

In the Part Of Martyrdom

This is the woman America has baited and persecuted, thrown into jail, deprived of her citizenship and held up as an example of all that is ignorant, coarse and base.

America will recognize its failure some day, after the brave spirit has done its work—after the spasm of the new war has ushered in quite simply some of the changes which Emma Goldman has been pleading for during the years of her fighting.

But it takes education to produce such awakenings, and there is no immediate hope of such a general enlightenment. . . . The cruelty of the situation regarding Emma Goldman is that she has so much work to do which so many people need, and that she cannot break through the prejudice and the superstition surrounding her to get at those dulled ones who need it most.

Ten years ago she was preaching, under the

most absurd persecution, ideas which thinking people accept as a matter of course today. Now the ignorant public still shudders at her name; the "intellectuals"—especially those of the Greenwich Village radical type—dismiss her casually as a sort of God Christian—one not to be taken too seriously; there are so many more daring revolutionists among their own ranks that they can't understand why Emma Goldman should make such a stir and get all the credit; the Socialists concede her a personality, and condone her failure to attach herself to that line of evolutionary progress which is sure to establish itself; her anarchism is a metaphysical hodge-podge, the outburst of an artistic rather than a scientific temperament.

And so they all dismiss the real issue, namely, that the chief business of the prophet is to usher in those new times which often appear in direct opposition to scientific prediction, and—this above all—that life in her has a great grandeur.

How do such misconceptions arise? . . . If I could only get hold of all the people who are unwilling to understand Emma Goldman and force them to listen to her for an hour—what a sweet triumph comes with their "Oh, but she is wonderful!"

Miss Anderson describes her home, with its "hundreds of books and its charming old pictures of Ibsen and Tolstoy and Nietzsche and Kropotkin." She paints a picture of adoring friends and nephews and nieces; she describes her "gigantic tenderness, her gorgeous flinging away of self on every possible pretext." She is pictured listening to great music "in a kind of cosmic hush." She is described as "an artist in life as incapable of spiritual vulgarity as a Rodin or a Beethoven, with a sensitiveness which makes her almost fear beauty."

The Goldman Creed

"What I Believe"

I. AS TO PROPERTY: "Property" means dominion over things and the denial of others the use of those things. . . . It is the private dominion over things that condemns millions of people to be mere nonentities, living corpses without originality or power of initiative; human machines of flesh and blood, who pile up mountains of wealth for others and pay for it with gray, dull and wretched existence for themselves. . . . Anarchism is the only philosophy that can and will do away with this humiliating and degrading situation.

II. AS TO GOVERNMENT: I believe government, organized authority, or the State, is necessary only to maintain or protect property and monopoly. It has proved efficient in that function only. . . . The anarchists are justified in assuming that anarchy—the absence of government—will insure the widest and greatest scope for unhampered human development, the

cornerstone of true social progress and harmony.

III. AS TO MILITARISM: Anarchists are the only true advocates of peace. . . . The military spirit is the most merciless, heartless and brutal in existence. It fosters an institution for which there is not even a pretence of justification. The sol-



WORSHIPING THE GOD OF DYNAMITE
Facsimile of a Cover of Alexander Berkman's Anarchist Journal, Also Called a "Revolutionary Labor Paper," Published in San Francisco

The Philosophy of Miss Goldman Is Summed Up by Her Under the Caption "What I Believe"

dier, to quote Tolstoy, is a professional man-killer. He does not kill for the love of it, like a savage, or in a passion, like a homicide. He is a cold-blooded, mechanical, obedient tool of his military superiors. He is ready to cut throats or scuttle a ship at the command of his ranking officer, without knowing or, perhaps, caring how, why or wherefore. I am supported in this contention by no less a military light than General Funston. "The first duty of an officer or enlisted man," says our noble warrior, "is unquestioning obedience and loyalty to the government to which he has sworn allegiance; it makes no difference whether he approves of that government or not."

I believe that militarism will cease when the liberty-loving spirits of the world say to their masters: "Go and do your own killing. We have sacrificed ourselves and our loved ones long enough fighting your battles. In return you have made parasites and criminals of us in times of peace and brutalized us in times of war. You have separated us from our brothers and have made of the world a human slaughterhouse. No, we will not do your killing or fight for the country that you have stolen from us."

Oh, I believe with all my heart that human brotherhood and solidarity will clear the horizon from the terrible red streak of war and destruction.

IV. AS TO FREE SPEECH: I believe that free speech and freedom of the press mean that I may say and write what I please. This right, when regulated by constitutional provisions, legislative enactments or the policeman's club, becomes a farce. . . . I believe that the cure of consequences resulting from the unlimited exercise of expression is to allow more expression.

Truly, I believe we need a new Declaration of Independence. Is there no modern Jefferson or Adams?

V. AS TO THE CHURCH: Religion is a superstition that originated in man's mental inability to solve natural phenomena. The Church is an organized institution that has always been a stumbling block to progress.

VI. AS TO MARRIAGE AND LOVE: Marriage and love are not synonymous; on the contrary, they are often antagonistic to each other. I am aware of the fact that some marriages are actuated by love, but the narrow, material confines of

marriage as it is speedily crush the tender flower of affection.

Marriage is an institution which furnishes the State and Church with a tremendous revenue and the means of prying into that phase of life which refined people have long considered their own, their very own most sacred affair.

Love is that most powerful factor of human relationships which from time immemorial has defied all man-made laws and broken through the iron bars of conventions in Church and Morality. Marriage is often an economic arrangement purely, furnishing the woman with a lifelong insurance policy and the man with a perpetuation of his kind or a pretty toy. That is, marriage, or the training thereto, prepares the woman for the life of a parasite, a dependent, helpless servant, while it furnishes the man the right of a chattel mortgage over a human life.

How can such a condition of affairs have anything in common with love?

If a people are to worship at the shrine of love, what is to become of the golden calf, marriage? "It is the only security for the woman, for the child, the family, the State." But it is no security to love; and without love no true home can or does exist. Without love no child should be born; without love no true woman can be related to a man. The fear that love is not sufficient material safety for the child is out of date. I believe when woman signs her own emancipation her first declaration of independence will consist in admiring and loving a man for the qualities of his heart and mind and not for the quantities in his pocket. The second declaration will be that she has the right to follow that love without let or hindrance from the outside world. The third and most important declaration will be the absolute right to free motherhood.

IN 1908 Emma Goldman said: "What I believe has been the target of hack writers. Such blood-curdling and incoherent stories have been circulated about me it is no wonder that the average human being has palpitation of the heart at the very mention of the name Emma Goldman. It is too bad that we no longer live in the times when witches were burned at the stake or tortured to drive the evil spirit out of them. For, indeed, Emma Goldman is a witch! True, she does not eat little children, but she does many coarse things. She manufactures bombs and gambles in crowned heads. B-r-r-r!"



Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman Haranguing Crowds in an Effort to Arouse Anarchistic Enthusiasm

MOTHER EARTH

Vol. XII. March, 1917 No. 1

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Office 20 East 125th Street, New York City
Telephone, Harlem 6194
Price, 10 Cents per Copy One Dollar per Year

This Is the Cover of Emma Goldman's Publication, with a Typical Table of Contents

The Cause of Woman Is Advancing

WOMEN are articulating their wants in every land. Instead of obscuring the political, legal and economic cause of woman, the world war is throwing the rights of the subjugated sex into high relief. Rene Viviani had no sooner arrived home in France than he raised his voice to say that "Frenchmen of this generation should grant women equal rights—above all, the vote." Viviani is the first French statesman of note to champion the cause, and now the dead walls of Paris are made to cry out for woman's enfranchisement.

The third reading in the House of Commons of a new reform bill embodying votes for women was carried after an exciting debate by an unexpected and overwhelming vote, and the final enactment is clearly foreshadowed. "The New Statesman" (London) now calls for the abolition of the ridiculous grille in the ladies' gallery in Parliament.

In Petrograd the miracle has been wrought of electing a new municipal government by universal suffrage, women whose privilege it was yesterday to act the harp in anti-government demonstrations on the Nevsky Prospect to-day exercising their right in government by the ballot. The Moscow League of Equal Rights for Women is in active cooperation with the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates, and a propaganda is being carried on for the abolition of the "yellow ticket" symbol of police registration for hounded women.

The twenty-three women appointed on the sub-committee on women in industry, advisory to the American Council of National Defence, are insistent on equal pay for equal work in government war contract work. Meanwhile the "Sister Susie" type of woman patriot is being suppressed. No less authority than Mary Macarthur, secretary of the executive council of the National Federation of Women Workers of Great Britain, decries the efforts of hosts of untrained though well-meaning women who sew and knit impossible contrivances for soldiers at enormous expense and to no purpose. The English "soon disposed of those misguided persons" and started to make real use of women in factories.

Economies in food at home is urged upon American women by Herbert C. Hoover, the Federal food dictator, who calls for a registration of women engaged in the personal control of food for actual membership in the food administration. Women are asked to save wheat by having one wheatless day each week, to save butter by avoiding its use in cooking, to use corn, buckwheat, fish and vegetables and to extend "the gospel of the clean plate."

Meanwhile our women are keeping young of our own eyes, the assurances of Mrs. Ruth K. Gardner, supervisor of registration in a New York City district, who says she did not come across a woman "who looked as old as the age she gave on registering."